

Sisters' Department.

IF I KNEW WHERE.

Where, darling! Where
Is Heaven?

Oh! tell me, now that you are there.
We asked the question, but a year ago,
And did not dream that you so soon would
know.

If I could know what hallowed part of space
Is my immortal darling's dwelling place,
Life would be richer, sweeter; I could bear
My burden better, till I meet you there
If I knew where—

Is Heaven a star?
The one that looks upon me now, so far
Above the shadows?

Do those beams that shine
So clearly, come from your sweet home to mine
I should be happier, then if you could be
Within that radiance, looking down on me
And I could know it.

Through the midnight air
Your joy, my darling! I could sometimes share
If I knew where—

Is Heaven here?
My glorified? and are you hovering near
To help me, guide me?

Is it that we are blind,
And deaf and dumb, that we can never find
The Heaven around us?

Are you speaking now
A language to me, that I know not how
To hear or render?

Close beside my chair
Unseen by me, are angels?
Here or there?

Oh! tell me where—
It cannot be—
Nor earth nor star is Heaven, it seems to me.
Where "gates of gold" and "many mansions"
rise

In God's illimitable space it lies,—
I will not ask you any more to tell
The sacred spot, for oh, I know too well
You dare not do it.

Up the shining stair
Should I not hasten, or the curtain tear,
If I knew where?
And yet—and yet—
My darling? I do sometimes quite forget
That we are parted—almost feel that I
Am still where you are.

Sometimes even try
To hear your footstep—
Oh! dear heart! dear heart!
My other self, my purer better part!
How blest to meet you.

Father! Hear my prayer.
Thou art beside me,
Keep me in thy care.

Till I know where.—Sel. by Mrs. Harvey Shrock.

A LESSON IN ART.

An Easter Comedy.

BY HORACE PENFIELD.

From *Home and Country* (New York) for April.

"There is a green hill far away,
Without the city wall,
Where our dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

"We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there!

"He died that we might be forgiven!
He died to make us good!

That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

"There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

"Oh dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him, too!
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do."

ABOUT YOUR BOYS.

Treat your boys as though they
were of some importance, if you would
have them manly and self-reliant.

Be careful of the little courtesies.
You cannot expect your boy to be re-
spectful, thoughtful and kind, unless
you first set him the example.

If you would have your boy make
you his confidant, take an active inter-
est in all he does; don't be too critical,
and ask for his views and opinions at
all times.

Don't keep your boys in ignorance of
things they should know. It is not
the wholesome truth, but the unwhole-
some way in which it is acquired that
ruins many a young man.

Don't act as if you thought your
boy amounted to nothing, or be continu-
ally making comparisons between him
and some neighbor's son to his disad-
vantage; nothing will dishearten him
quicker.

Don't think that anything is good
enough for the boys, and that they
don't care for nice things; have their
room fixed up as nicely as possible; let
them understand it is to be kept in or-
der, and the result will justify your
pains.

Furnish your boy with good, whole-
some reading matter. Have him read
too, and with you. Discuss with him
what you read, and draw out his opin-
ions and thoughts upon the subject.
Help him to think early for himself.

Make home a pleasant place; see to
it that the boys don't have to go some
where else to secure proper freedom
and congenial companionship. Take
time and pains to make them feel com-
fortable and contented, and they will
not want to spend their evenings away
from home.

Pick your son's associates. See to
it that he has no friends you know not
about. Take an interest in all his
troubles and pleasures, and have him
feel perfectly free to invite his friends

to the house. Take a little pains to
make him and his friends comfortable
and happy. He will not be slow to ap-
preciate it.—Detroit Free Press.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

PONY CREEK YOUNG PEOPLE.

MORRILL, KAN., April 14th, 1894.

DEAR EVANGELIST—On Friday
evening, May 30, the Christian Endeav-
or Society of the Pony Creek church
met to elect new officers with the
following result: Pres., Horace M.
Yoder; Vice Pres., Louis S. Bauman;
Sec., Nora Lichty; Cor. Sec., Mrs Sam
Warner; Treas., Ada Eakins; our
society has not been very active dur-
ing the past winter because of our
church being remodeled. But we are
glad to say we now have a beautiful
house in which to worship God and
judging from the spirit manifested in
our last meeting, we are growing
spiritually stronger, and are also gain-
ing ground. When this society was
organized as the C. E. Society, nearly
a year ago, it numbered only thirteen
members, "An unlucky number!"
some superstitious ones would exclaim.
It has quite often been predicted the
society would be a failure, but by the
grace of God it is becoming a grand
success, and we now have thirty mem-
bers enrolled, and others are express-
ing their desire to join with us. Some
who have here-to-fore been members of
the church are becoming interested and
are working earnestly, while a few who
have never yet consecrated their lives
to God have become members of our
society, and we hope and pray it may
be the first step of their living exem-
plary Christian lives, toiling diligently
for the Master. For the harvest is
indeed ready and the laborers are few.
We also contemplate holding a Dem-
orest Medal contest during the spring.

MRS SAM WARNER.

VICE.

BY HARVEY M. OBERHOLTZER.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then, pity then
embrace.—Pope.

We all have seen this monster in a
variety of forms. She comes up time